Vol. III. No. 37. Total 141.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, No. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, *September* 10, 1803.

The Shrubbery.

A TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

THEY were now arrived at the door, and Melmoth was shewn into a room fitted up with a great degree of taste. The walls were hung with several flower-peices cut in paper, and with drawings of different views, which the country around it afforded. The windows looked into the orchard. It was the hour of twilight's soberest grey: the bat was taking its circles in the air, and now and then the owl hooted and flapped its wings against the casement.

"You live very retired here, Sir," said Melmoth; "Yes, Sir," said Mr. Hartop, for that was his name; "but my time is spent so agreeably in the discharge of the duties of my parish, and in cultivating my daughter's mind, that I do not feel the least regret at my seclusion from the world."

The door now opened and his daughter made her appearance. "Julia, my dear," said her father, "this gentleman intends to honour us with his company to night." Melmoth rose at her entrance, and she received him with a modest look of welcome; a look which she always gave to the friends of her father.

They both sat down, and a silence ensued. Melmoth knew not what to do; when he looked up, his eyes met Julia's, and he cast them down again. He was soon relieved from his distress by the appearance of supper, the elegant simplicity of which charmed him. It was succeeded by a desert. The flavour of the fruit was exquisite; Melmoth had never tasted any so fine:—they were gathered by the hand of Julia. When the clock struck ten all the servants entered. The master of the family informed his guest that it was the hour of prayer! and on bended knees he poured forth the effusions of a grateful heart, with all the honest fervour of devotion.

Melmoth went to bed early, but he could not chase Julia's image from his mind. His adventure had something so romantic in it, that he almost doubted its reality; but a few hours before, he did not know that such a being existed, and now his whole existence was enterwoven with her's.

As soon as it was light, he went down into the garden. The shrubs and flowers, refreshed with the dew, breathed a fragrance exquisitely pleasing, and the lark soared high in the air, and warbled his trembled thrilling notes of ectacy.

Melmoth followed the course of the rivulet in its mazes through the grove, till he descended into a dingle, where it widened its stream, and slept upon its rushes. The trees which overhung it reflected so deep a shade that the light was no stronger than that of a bright moon-light, and all was rudeness, silence and solitude. Melmoth sat down on a bank and played a lively air upon his flute.

It was a piece which he himself had composed, and his fancy had already drawn a little circle of faries dancing round him to the sound, when he was roused by the rustling of the leaves. He started up and looking round, was saluted by Mr. Hartop and his daughter:—they had been taking their morning walk, and accident had pointed it in the very same direction with his. They apologized for their disturbance, and entreated him to finish the tune.

He took up his flute and touched a few notes of the voluntary effusion he had heard the night before. Julia blushed: Mr. Hartop observed her confusion, and, leading Melmoth to an opening, began to point out to him the beauties of the prospect. It was a little home-scene in the pastoral style. In the valley below, ran a small river with a mill turning in its stream, and a green hill rose on the opposite side, partly covered with furze, and seamed with an winding sheep-walk. In the woodlands on the right and left the birds were singing sweetly in concert; and the pauses of harmony were supplied by the murmurs of the water-mill, and the tinkling of the weather's bell. Melmoth stood listening to these mingled sounds with such a look of pleasure, that he communicated his feelings to his friends.

Julia caught his enthusiasm, and her father smiled.

It was a favourite scene of hers; she had often viewed it, and as often admired it; but she had not known half its beauties till now.

"I hope your little Robin is well this morning," said Melmoth to her, as they were returning to the house.

"Very well, sir," she replied, colouring; "but I did not know that my little friendly visitor had the honour of your acquaintance."—"My daughter," interrupted Mr. Hartrop, "has a great affection for the feathered race, and they seem to return it with almost equal warmth. She has at this time a little family of blackbirds under her protection, and she visits them, I believe, every morning with the greatest anxiety for their welfare."

As he said these words, they observed a cat playing with something on the grass-plat at a small distance, and Julia stepped up just time enough to see her favourite blackbirds expire at her feet.

"Here they are," said she, bending over

them with her hands clasped, "here they are indeed!" As she spoke, she looked up, and her heart's soft tear was in her eye. Melmoth felt it stream over his senses.

He had all the milk of human kindness in his bosom; but at that moment he felt something more than the simple impulse of humanity within him: and the impression he then received was never lost. As he turned round to conceal his emotion, he saw the cat sitting behind a shrub close at hand, and contemplating with the greatestcomposure on the little scene of distress which she ha! occasioned.

Resentment for a moment flushed his cheek, and he took up a stone from the walk to throw at her. "You must not, indeed you must not," said Julia, warmly, "she only pursued the dictate of nature." At these words she lifted her hand to his arm, which was raised in the action; and the tears which had stood trembling on her eye-lids forced their way down her cheeks. Pity's finest strings were then touched, and with her soft and silver sounds the harsh discordant notes of revenge are never in unison.

Melmoth dropped the stone upon the ground, and, whilst he turned aside his head to hide a tear, secretly exclaimed, "What an amiable girl!"

Mr. Hartop stood silent all the while. He looked first at the birds, then at Julia, then at Melmoth, and then at the birdsagain; his heart was too full to allow him to speak —it ran over through his eyes.

How long this scene lasted I cannot tell; had it been in my power it should have lasted for ever; I would have fixed it on the canvas.

The conversation at breakfast became warm and interesting; literature and music were the principal topics. Julia was not silent on either: she discovered a delicacy and correctness of taste which astonished Melmoth.

"The study of music," said he, "while it sweetly sooths the sense of hearing, touches the soul, and elevates and refines its nature. I am persuaded there never was a poet who had not a taste for it; though I cannot go so far as a French writer who affirmed, that he who is insensible to its effects, has but half a soul."

"Shakespeare's celebrated assertion is not bolder," said Mr. Hartop;" but I think I can confute you by a single instance: Garrick and Johnson had no taste for music."

"The Italians," said Julia," are enthusiasts in the art; and the French seem to have imbibed their spirit. The fine nerves of J. J. Roussean were tremblingly alive to its powers; and his extreme fondness for it, I have heard, appears almost in every page of his works. Indeed those who have touched the springs of pity with the finest hand, have generally presented the idea of music to the mind in their most affecting scenes. Marmontelle has given to Fonrose his hautboy; Julia de Roubigne has her harpsichord; and Maria de Moulins has her flute."

"I do not know a sweeter poem in our language," returned Melmoth, "than the Minstrel: it breathes a spirit of melancholy enthusiasm, which captivates the mind irresistibly. The character of Edwin is drawn with exquisite taste, and the whole exhibits some of the most romantic scenes in nature. The idea of his reclining at a distance from the village-dance, 'soothed with soft notes warbling in the wind,' is inexpressibly beautiful."

The heart of Julia was all attuned to gentle emotions, and whenever the faded form of sorrow met her eye, the tear of sympathy was ready to start. I have seen her set out in a morning on her little errands of charity to the poor of the village. She entered every cottage with such a smile of sweetness, and listened to every tale of family distress with such a look of tender concern, that my heart dilated at the sight.

I would not have exchanged my feelings on that occasion for those of any one under Heaven but herself. Though united to her by no closer bond than that of humanity, I felt a pride an honest pride in the connection; I felt a dignity in my nature which I had never known before.

In the evening they sailed on the lake, the surface of which was just ruffled enough to show it was alive. A Cormorant was flying over it and fishing; and on the banks, which were steep and shagged with wild shrubs, hung a few goats.

Here and there a grotesque mass of rock projects boldly over the water, with a little shining torrent falling from its brow; and often through the precipices appears a green lawn, embosomed in old woods which climb half way up the mountains side, and discover above them a broken line of crags that crown the scene. All these objects were reflected on the blue surface of the lake: and no sooner had the boat pushed off from the shore than they started into motion. The rocks, and woods, and mountains passed by in silent succession, and changed their figure at every turn. The rays of the setting sun gave a glow to the landscape, and Melmoth, threw an air of enchantment over it with the dulcet notes of his flute.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mr. Hogan,

The Poems of Ossian are highly esteemed, and pretty generally read by those who have taste for sublime poetry. They are out of print at present in this city, and European editions are not always to be had: I should therefore be pleased to see the following extract in your Repository.

A Subscriber.

Colna-dona.

A Poem, from Ossian

ARGUMENT.

Fingal dispatches Ossian and Toscar to raise a stone, on the banks of the stream of Crona, to perpetuate the memory of a victory, which he had obtained in that place. When they were employed in that work, Car-ul, a neighbouring chief, invited them to a feast.—They went: and Toscar fell desperately in love with Colna-dona, the daughter of Car-ul. Colna-dona became no less enamoured of Toscar. An incident, at a hunting party, brings their loves to an happy issue.

COL-AMON of troubled streams, dark wanderer of distant vales, I behold thy course, between trees, near Car-ul's echoing halls. There dwelt bright Colna-dona, the daughter of the king. Her eyes were rolling stars; her arms were white as the foam of streams. Her breast rose slowly to sight, like ocean's heaving wave. Her soul was a stream of light. Who, among the maids, was like the love of heroes?

Beneath the voice of the king, we moved to Crona of the streams, Toscar of grassy Luthal, and Ossian, young in fields. Three bards attended with songs. Three bossy shields were born before us; for we were to rear the stone, in memory of the past. By Crona's mossy course, Fingal had scattered his foes: he had rolled away the strangers, like a troubled sea. We came to the place of renown: from the mountains descended night. I tore an oak from its hill, and raised a flame on high. I bade my fathers to look down from the clouds of their hall; for, at the fame of their race, they brighten in the wind.

I took a stone from the stream, amidst the song of bards. The blood of Fingal's foes hung crudled in its ooze. Beneath, I placed, at intervals, three bosses from the shields of foes, as rose or fell the sound of Ullin's nightly song. Toscar laid a dagger in earth, a mail of sounding steel. We raised the mould around the stone, and bade it speak to other years.

Oozy daughter of streams, that now art reared on high, speak to the feeble, O stone, after Selma's race have failed!—Prone, from the stormy night, the traveller shall lay him

by thy side: thy whistling moss shall sound in his dreams; the years that were past shall return.—Battles rise before him, blue shielded kings descend to war: the darkened moon looks from Heaven, on the troubled field.—He shall brust with morning, from dreams, and see the tombs of warriors round. He shall ask about the stone, and the aged will reply, "This grey stone was raised by Ossian, a chief of other years!"

From Col-amon came a bard, from Car-ul, the friend of strangers. He bade us to the feast of kings, to the dwelling of bright Colna-dona. We went to the hall of harps. There Car-ul brightened between his aged locks, when he beheld the sons of his friends, like two young trees with their leaves.

"Sons of the mighty," he said, "ye bring "back the days of old, when first I descend-"ed from waves, on Selma's streamy vale. "I pursued Duth-mocarglos, dweller of "ocean's wind. Our fathers had been foes, "we met by Clutha's winding waters. He "fled, along the sea, and my sails were "spread behind him.--Night deceived me, on "the deep. I came to the dwelling of kings, "to Selma's high-bosomed maids.—Fingal "came forth with his bards, and Conlock, "arm of death. I feasted three days in the "hall, and saw the blue eyes of Eren, Ros-"crana, daughter of heroes, light of Cor-"mac's race.—Nor forgot did my steps de-"part: the kings gave their shields to Car-"ul: they hang, on high in Col-amon, in me-"mory of the past. Sons of the daring "kings, ye bring back the days of old."

Car-ul placed the oak of feasts. He took two bosses from our shields. He laid them in earth, beneath a stone, to speak to the heroes race. "When battle," said the king, "shall roar, and our sons are to meet in "wrath, my race shall look, perhaps, on "this stone, when they prepare the spear.—"Have not our fathers met in peace? they "will say, and lay aside the shield."

Night came down. In her long locks moved the daughter of Car-ul. Mixt with the harp arose the voice of white-armed Colna-dona.—Toscar darkened in his place, before the love of heroes. She came on his troubled soul, like a beam to the dark-heaving ocean: when it bursts from a cloud, and brightens the foamy side of a wave.

With morning we awaked the woods; and hung forward on the path of heroes. They fell by their wonted streams. We returned thro' Crona's vale. From the wood came forward a youth, with a shield and pointless spear, "Whence," said Toscar of Lutha, "is the flying beam? dwells there peace at Col-amon, round bright Colna-dona of harps?"

"By Col-amon of streams," said the "youth, bright Colna-dona dwelt. She "dwelt; but her course is now in deserts, "with the son of the king; he that seiz-"ed her soul as it wandered through the "hall."

"Stranger of tales," said Toscar, "hast "thou marked the warrior's course? He "must fall;—give thou that bossy shield!" —In wrath he took the shield. Fair behind it heaved the breasts of a maid, white as the bosom of a swan, rising on swift rolling waves—It was Colna-dona of harps, the daughter of the king—Her blue eyes had rolled on Toscar, and her love arose.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ON HAPPINESS AND CONTENTMENT.

(Continued from page 276.)

WHAT I have already observed on the subject I am now investigating, is, like every general rule, liable to exceptions. I have said, that happiness is not attendant on any particular situation in which we may be placed; but that contentment alone can make us happy. Tho' this observation is just, yet happiness is enjoyed by one class of persons more than by another: those who are exposed to all the evils of poverty, to actual want and misery, to sickness, old age and decrepitude, have certainly not so many sources of contentment as those who enjoy a mediocrity of worldly circumstances, and who are exempted from these calamities: therefore cases such as this form exceptions to the general rule. But when we look around, and take a just view of society, we do not see any particular class exclusively happy, and another miserable. Even among the affluent, where we would naturally look for contentment and happiness, even there it is not always to be found. The absence of some imaginary good, though trifling in itself, is capable of rendering them miserable, and of destroying the comfort all their enjoyments. On the other hand, we frequently find those who are but a step removed from actual want, as well, yea better satisfied than those who roll in wealth. The laborious artisan, and the toiling husbandman, retire, after the labours of the day, with hearts as free from care, as those, whose riches make their labour unnecessary, do from the chace, the coffee-house, the ball-room or the park. Indeed it will very generally be found, that the former enjoy the most happiness: they return with weary steps to their humble habitations, there to repose themselves in the sweets of rest, which none enjoy with so much relish as those whom labour has wearied. Perhaps they are saluted with a hearty welcome by a beloved partner, and by a smiling offspring, who, with caresses, reward their toils, and promise to share them in maturer years, and give repose to their old age. The rich man may also meet a hearty welcome from his family; but by passing his time in idleness, he often looses the joys of relaxation; for constant enjoyment produces satiety. Besides, his mind is often perplexed with the cares of his estate, the collection of his rents, or with forming plans for to-morrow, while the labourer passes his evenings in sweet tranquillity; he thinks not of his rents, for he has none to collect; he thinks not of the morrow, for he enjoys the present hour: he knows that he must rise with the morning sun to renew his labours; labours to which he has been long accustomed, and which custom has rendered supportable, and even agreeable. Therefore the thoughts of to-morrow give him no pain,—since, if it brings no new joys, at least he knows of no new sorrows which it may produce.

That labour becomes agreeable by long habit, is proved by the experience of those who have toiled till time has scattered the snows of age around their wrinkled brows. If haply they have toiled with success, if they have amassed sufficient to enable them to rest from their labours; yet does habit beget a love of employment, which nothing can ever subdue. We find them still seeking some employment, till nature refuses any longer to obey their will.

CARLOS.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE.

Dr. Kennicott, of Oxford, a man remarkable for his love of good eating, having discovered a remarkable fine fig upon a tree in the garden belonging to his college, was determined to appropriate it to himself, and for that purpose, (as it was not quite ripe) fastened a piece of paper upon it, on which he wrote, "*Dr. Kennicott's fig.*" One of the fellows of the college observed it, and, being a punster, eat the fig, and in its place, wrote on another paper, which he hung there, "*A fig for Dr. Kennicott.*"

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Contemplator, No. 12.

Commerce shall here her numerous sails unfold,
And open all her mighty stores of gold;
Science shall flourish, and the arts increase—
* * * * * *

TO THE CONTEMPLATOR.

SIR,

HISTORY presents us with accounts of nations both ancient and modern, rising into excellence, in the arts and sciences, and making improvements of various kinds. But this has been the work of time; and we find that they have progressed by slow degrees, and that men of genius and enterprise, starting up at times, have made discoveries and advances in the arts, which in the common course of things would never have been effected. These have endeavoured to animate thepeople,to rouse them, to show them their true interest; they have greatly laboured for the benefit of mankind,—but they have too often been mortified with ill success.

Every one must acknowledge, that men of this description deserve from their country the highest praise. Their aims are productive of the greatest advantages to it. But in Europe they have often been neglected, and their improvements have consequently been slow. In America we find the case is different, and that men of genius and enterprise will always meet encouragement. They are here placed in their proper light; they are admired and esteemed,—not, as has frequently been the case, despised and neglected. Hence our advances have been great to an astonishing degree; far greater (in proportion to time and opportunity) than any thing the old world can produce. The enterprise of our citizens, particularly as we advance farther to the north, is not excelled, yea, scarcely equalled by any nation of the world. Since the first settlement of the country, the people of New England have been remarkable, as bold, daring and intrepid men. During the American war, our Yankee troops, (as they were termed) half naked, put into disorder armies of diciplined veterans. Their exertions were perhaps more effective in supporting the revolution, than all our other forces combined together. They were more active in their movements, better disciplined and by far more robust and capable of bearing fatigue.

The people of New England, ever alive to their interest, have had discernment enough to see the advantages of every improvement that has been discovered, and have encouraged it. Hence improvements and inventions, among them, have rapidly increased, and are fast progressing. In the vicinity of Boston, I some time since saw a machine for manufacturing cards, which is as great a piece of mechanism as was perhaps ever invented. Its author deserves the highest praise from every American: he has conferred the greatest honour on himself and country.* In commerce, the New Englanders have exceeded every nation of the globe. Every place, however remote, where any thing is to be gained, has been by them explored. Obliged by their situation to place their greatest dependence on commerce, their every aim is to discover new kinds of traffic, which may prove new sources of wealth to them.

Within a few years past they have been engaged in a new trade, which has been productive of great wealth to the United States. I mean the seal-skin trade to Canton. To give an idea of the immense numbers of seal taken by them, I would just observe, that those obtained on the little Island of Massa Tuero, have (as I have understood) for these six years past, been worth 400,000 dollars per annum. They fit out ships, and send them away without money or cargo, depending entirely on taking seal; and after an absence of two or three years, will return with valuable cargoes of India goods, wholly obtained by the sale of their seal-skins. These are the men who do honour to their country, and who must be the admiration of every nation of the globe, to whom they are known. Hardy and bold, they are the men, who, on any sudden emergency, will act in unison, and with promptness. From the rapid manner in which their commerce is increasing, it probably will, in a few years, be so extended, that the whole world will be too small for them; and they will almost be tempted to search for new worlds in their pursuit of traffic. Could a nation be composed entirely of such men as these, it could not fail to flourish; it would be invulnerable. Tho' thousands of them yearly perish on the ocean, and in foreign countries, yet others are ready to take their places, without even thinking on the fate of their predecessors. Nor is their enterprise confined to commerce; but may be seen in all the various improvements for which their country is remarkable. To them particularly may be applied what Horace says of the human race in general,

"*Nil mortalibus arduum est.*"

Your's, &c.

VIATOR.

I find that my correspondent, in speaking of the New Englanders, has only described their good qualities; and omitted every thing that might tend to their disadvantage. He seems to consider them as far superior to the rest of the U. States; in which he will not find many to agree with him. Did I not know him, I should certainly suppose him to be a Yankee. P.

NOTE.

* This curious machine is so constructed, that at the same time that it cuts the wire, and forms it into teeth; it makes holes thro' the leather, and places them in its The whole may be kept in motion by a boy of six years f age. p.

History of Maria Arnold.

(CONCLUDED.)

WHEN I came within sight of the parsonage, my sensations nearly overcame me. Here I once fondly hoped to have found the same domestic felicity and contentment I had formerly experienced; but mark the mutability of human bliss! This spot, so lately the abode of happiness and of innocence now appeared the seat of solitude, of sorrow and of death. Scarce had I resolution to approach the house; for although I well knew the resignation and the piety of Arnold, yet I dreaded to recal those scenes, the recollection of which would only give edge to his sufferings, and fresh misery to his painful task. The villagers were assembled on the green, dressed in their neatest clothes, and those who could afford it in black. There was not a whisper heard among them; the tear rolled down their honest cheeks, and on their features dwelt the sentiments of pity and regret. A lane was formed for me as I passed along; we interchanged not a word. I cast my eyes upon the ground, they wept aloud. I was so much affected I could scarce sit upon my horse, and leaving it at a small cottage when I got through them, I went to the parsonage on foot. I entered, and meeting a servant in the hall, he pointed to the parlour and retired. I advanced towards it: the door was half open, and, sliding softly in, a spectacle presented itself whose impression will never be erased from my memory. In the middle of the room was placed the coffin of Maria: the lid was taken off, and beside it, in his robes, knelt the unfortunate Frederick Arnold. Maria's lifeless hand

was locked in his, and on her clay-cold corse was fixed his streaming eyes.

A considerable shade was thrown over the room, the windows looking upon the green being closed up, but through the garden window the sun broke in, and shone full upon the features of Arnold: his countenance was pale, languid, but remarkably interesting, and received a peculiar degree of expression from the tint of the morning light: and his hair, which had early become white, was scattered in thin portions over his forehead. I stood impressed with awe, my soul was filled with compassion, and I wished to indulge my sorrow; but as Arnold did not perceive me, I thought it best not to interrupt him, and was going to retire, when suddenly rising up, he exclaimed, "Farewel, my Maria! thou wert the solace of mine age, farewel; Oh, if thy unembodied spirit still hovers o'er this scene of things, be present to thy afflicted father; pour comfort in his wounded bosom: sure to do this will be thy paradise, Maria, and sure thou hast met with thy reward. What if unavailing regret still tortures this distracted heart, still brings thy injured form to view, yet through the mercies of my God, will I look forward with hope;——I will meet thee, O my daughter, in Heaven. God of mercies hear me!" "He will, he will, thou good old man," I cried, "he will listen to thy prayer." Arnold started; "Is it thou, my son?" he said; and falling upon my neck he wept; then presently recovering himself he advanced with composure towards the coffin:—"Come hither," he cried, "and view the remains of fallen innocence and beauty: see my son, what one step from rectitude of conduct has produced; see the unfortunate Maria."—I advanced, and, kneeling down, kissed the pale hand of Maria: a sweet serenity dwelt upon her features, and she seemed to be asleep. I would have spoken, but I could not: I sighed in a convulsive manner, for the tumult of my spirits quite oppressed me; and Arnold observing this, seized my arm, and ordering the coffin to be screwed down, conveyed me into another room. Here, in a little time, I recovered some calmness of mind, and Arnold, taking me by the hand, desired me to collect all my fortitude. "I go to bury my Maria," he said, "but let not the murmurings of discontent break in upon the sacred rite: to Providence, not to us, the the chastenings of mortality are given."—Having said this, he quitted the room, and giving orders for the procession, proceeded to the church. In a few minutes the coffin was carried out upon the green; it was covered with black velvet, over which was thrown a pall of white satin, and here half a dozen young women, dressed in black, with white sashes, supported it, whilst as many in the same habit walked two and two before, and the like number behind it. They sung a dirge adapted to the occasion, and with slow and solemn steps went forward to the church. The whole village followed, and never was sorrow better painted than in the features of the mournful groupe. I loitered at a little distance, absorbed in the melancholy of my own reflections.

——————The bell
Of death beat slow!——————
It paused now, and now with rising knell
Flung to the hollow gale its sullen sound.
MASON.

The wind sighed through the yew trees, and the face of nature seemed to darken with oppressive gloom. We entered the church, where, after all things had been duly arranged, the ceremony was begun. A calm resignation was apparent in the countenance of Arnold; and as he pronounced the sublime and pathetic language of the service, a kind of divine enthusiasm lightened from his eyes. Now and then his speech would faulter, and the tear would fill his eye, and I witnessed many an effort to suppress the tender emotions of his soul; but a high sense of the duty of his office kept within restriction the feelings of the father. He had now proceeded a considerable way in the service, and the corse was made ready to be laid into the earth, when suddenly the folding doors of the church were thrown open, and a young man, in mourning, rushed vehemently in. His aspect was hurried and wild, and he exclaimed, in a loud but convulsive tone of voice, "Where is my Maria? Think not to wrest her from me, I will see her once more, I come to die with thee my love. Stand off ye inhuman wretches; off, and give me way." He then broke through the crowd, which had opposed him, and, seeing the coffin, he started some paces backwards; "Help me, she is murdered!" he exclaimed; my gentle love is murdered!" and throwing himself on the coffin he became speechless with agony. It was with the utmost difficulty we tore him from it; he struggled hard, and his eyes darted fire; but at length, having liberated himself, he paused a moment; then striking his forehead with his hand, he muttered. "I will—'tis fit it should be so;" and darting furiously thro' the isle, disappeared. But scarce had we time to breathe, before he again entered, dragging in a man advanced in years. "Come on thou wretched author of my being!" he exclaimed, "come, see the devastation thou hast made!" and compelling him to approach the coffin, "Look, he said, "see! where she bleeds beneath thy ruthless arm. Oh my deserted love! seest thou not how she supplicates thy mercy! Perdition! but I will not curse thee, O my father, I will not curse thee;" and saying this he threw himself on the coffin. The old man, in the mean time became the very picture of horror; his hair stood erect, his face was pale as death, and his teeth struck each other; he looked first upon the coffin, and then upon his son, and, racked with pity and remorse, he at last burst into tears: "Have compassion on me, my son!" he cried; "kill not thy father."—"It is enough," said the youth; slowly lifting up his head; "it is enough, my father;" and being now more calm, we prevailed upon him to arise; and Arnold, after some time, concluded the ceremony.

You will naturally conceive our consternation Sir, during this dreadful scene, and how much it would shock the feelings of the worthy curate; who after the first tumult of surprise had ceased, conducted himself with all that dignity and mildness of manner so peculiarly engaging in his character. Old Stafford and his son, who was with difficulty persuaded to quit the church, were now led to the parsonage. Their appearance had been occasioned by a letter written by Miss Stafford to her brother, mentioning the situation of Maria, her miscarriage, indisposition, and the treatment she had met with; and, irratated to the highest degree, he immediately left the continent, and arrived at his father's house early on the same day Maria was buried. Her death was unknown at H—t—n-hall, and Henry insisted upon his father's accompanying him immediately to the curate's, as his presence would be necessary for the satisfaction of both parties. Mr. Stafford was much averse to the measure, but as his son's health had been lately upon the decline, and his present agitated state of mind contributed greatly to encrease his complaint, he reluctantly complied with his request, still hoping to avoid so unprofitable a connection. Upon their arrival at Ruysd—le, they drove to the parsonage, and being there informed of the death of Maria, and that the burial-service was then actually performing, the carriage was ordered to the church, and Henry rushed in, in the manner above mentioned.

The Staffords having continued a con-

ple of days at the parsonage returned to H—t—n-hall. Young Stafford's health is still very bad, and we are apprehensive he will fall a sacrifice to the unfeeling tyranny of a father, whose remorse is now as excessive as it is fruitless.

I shall stay here a few months with my worthy friend, until time hath in some degree mitigated the pressure of his misfortune. I find also a melancholy pleasure in visiting the many scenes in this neighbourhood, whose romantic and sequestered beauty gave employment to the pencil and the taste of Maria, and I am now finishing this hasty sketch on the bank of the rapid S.v——le, and under the shelter of an oak, whose antique branches throw a broad and ample gloom athwart his surface: turbulent he pours along beneath yon scowling precipice; he rises from his bed, and wild his gloomy spirit shrieks. Here, Sir, can I indulge the fervor of my imagination; here can I call up the fleeting forms of fancy; I can here hold converse with Maria; and yielding to the pensive bias of my mind, enjoy the torrent and the howling storm.

Diversity.

A Dispute happening between two officers on board, a vessel whose crew was a mixture of English and Irish, the officer who was partial to the latter country asserted, that the lower class of English did not inherit that quickness of intellect which the Irish possessed: a bet having taken place upon the subject, it was to be decided by the answer which each countryman gave to a question that was proposed. The question was *first* proposed to the English Sailor, and it was, "what he would take to go up aloft blind folded in a hard gale?" "I would take a month's pay," replied the fellow. "And you Paddy, what would you take?" "why my dear honey," replied he, "I would indeed, *take very fast hold.*"

THE regalia, which distinguish the chiefs of Amazonia, in South America, are a crown of parrots' feathers, a chain of tiger's teeth or claws which hang round the waist; and they wear *a wooden sword.*

AN Irish officer of dragoons on the continent, on hearing that his mother had been married since he quitted Ireland, exclaimed —"By St Patrick, there is that mother of mine married again, I hope she wont have a son older than me, for if she has I shall be sut out of my estate!"

THE ESSENCE OF SPRUCE,

A Cure for the Yellow Fever.

WE have received a lengthy communication from Mr. William Jocelin, recommending the Essence of Spruce, as a certain cure for the Yellow Fever. He says, he has witnessed its beneficial effects, both in this country and the West Indies, and observes, that he became acquainted with this medicine on board the British ship Argonaut—that he was on board of that ship 6 weeks, while cruising off the south side of Hispaniola—that the Fever was so bad on board, that in the course of 5 weeks 150 of her officers and crew fell victims—that the disease had become so putrid, that several died in two hours after they were siezed—that the crew was so much reduced in numbers, that the cruise was given up, and the ship went into Cape Nichola Mole. There the captain of the Argonaut fell in with the transport ship, who advised him of the utility of Essence of Spruce.—The medicine was purchased for the Argonaut's crew, and given to the sick, who were saved, for not a man died who partook of it. The captain of the Argonaut was so fully convinced of its efficacy, that on his return to England, he wrote a letter to the Lords of the Admirality, recommending its use.

Our correspondent further mentions that about 4 yeats ago, he called to see an American at St. Kitts, who was apparently dying of the Yellow Fever; he gave him three doses, one every half hour; in a few minutes after the third dose, he began to recover, and in two days, began to walk—shortly after he recovered, and left the island.

Directions.—Take three table spoonfuls of the Essence of Spruce, put it into a quart of water, dissolve it, and take a half pint tumbler full every half hour till it operates. It generally operates before the third dose, and frequently pukes, purges, and produces severe pespiration.

A new and valuable Styptic, which will stop Bleeding, even of the greatest Blood vessel.

Take brandy or common spirits two ounces, castile soup two drachms, pot-ash one drachm; scrape the soap fine and dissolve it in the brandy, then add the pot-ash and mix it well together, and keep it close in a vial—When you apply it, warm it in a vessel and dip pledges of lint in it, and the blood will immediately congeal upon application. It operates by coagulating the blood, both a considerable way within the vessels, as well as the extravasated blood, as restraining at the same time the months of the vessels. A few dressings of this medicine may be necessary if the wound is very deep, or when a limb is cut off.

Process for Copying Manuscripts.

CITIZEN Coquebert has lately communicated to the Philomathic Society of Paris, a very simple process for taking a copy of a recent manuscript. The process is the more interesting, as it requires neither machine nor preparation, and may be employed in any situation. It consists in putting a little sugar into common writing ink, and with this the writing is executed upon common paper, sized as usual: when a copy is required, *unsized* paper is taken, and lightly moistened with a spunge. The wet paper is then applied to the writing, a flat-iron (such as is used by laundresses) of a moderate heat, being lightly passed over the unsized paper, the copy is immediately produced.

PHILADELPHIA,
SEPTEMBER 10, 1803.

By the bill of Mortality for the month of August last in this city and Liberties, it appears, that there were of deaths, 112 Adults, and 182 children, total 294. The following the diseases mentioned:

Billious fever	6	Mortification	3
Child-bed	2	Palsy	1
Consumption	17	Pluerisy	1
Cholic	1	Purg. & vom.	65
Decay	1	Still-born	2
Dropsey	4	Teeth & Worms	12
Fever	5	Sore Throat	2
Fits	13	Drowned & other Casualties	13
Flux	9	Dis. not ment.*	120
Gout in the stomach	2		
Hooping Cough	4	Total	294
Killed	4		
Lunacy	1		

* Of this number 53 were orders from the Alms House, and 3 from the Pennsylvania Hospital.

AS a number of people do not appear to comprehend the clause of the act, respecting copper coinage, lately published by the treasurer, it may be necessary to inform them that the penalties of that clause do not take place until the 16th day of February next, six months after the notice from the treasurer. Until that day coppers will be legal tender as usual.

THE EPIDEMIC.

NEW-YORK, AUG. 23.

DR. MITCHELL, of this city, in several ingenious essays, and supported by many ingenious experiments, has advanced an opinion, entitled to much respect, in which he attributes the epidemics which have occasionally ravaged our cities, to the operation of *septic acid gas*, the

product of putrefaction. This injurious air he finds to be heavier than the common atmosphere, and thus accounts for the prevalence of the disease in low parts of the city.

—

FEVER IN NEW-YORK.

Reports of the Committee of Health.

September 2. Twenty-three new cases, and eight deaths.

September 3. Twenty-nine new cases, and six deaths.

September 5. For the last 48 hours—Forty-six new cases, and twenty-five deaths.

September 6. Twenty-seven new cases, and eight deaths.

September 7. Twenty-six new cases, and eleven death.

September 8. Twenty-eight new cases, and eight deaths.

—

List of Deaths in New-York, from the 27th of August, to the 3d of September, inclusive—Adults, 45; Children, 36—Total, 81. Of these 24 were of the fever.

—

MANHATTAN BANK—We understand that the Manhattan Company have discovered a deficiency in their cash of 10,000 dols. That deficiency appears to have taken place during the last week, and is attributed to a person in the employ of the establishment, at present absent from the city. [*N. York Pap.*

—

INTERMENTS in the different burying grounds of the city of Baltimore, for the week, ending yesterday morning at sunrise—Adults, 8; Children, 21—Total, 29.

—

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

CONCORD N. H. AUGUST. 9.

ON the 26th of July, a child three years of age, (Stickney) son of Mr. Francis Smart, of Grafton, in this State, fell into a mill-pond while his father was grinding. It was calculated that he must have fallen about 12 feet from a precipice of rocks, before he reached the water; he then floated 20 feet through a part of the pond and the floom; then passing under the gate, he went about 20 feet more through the box-spout, and was lodged upon the floats under the cylinder of a patent tubmill. There he remained, till the elder brother came from the opposite side of the pond into the lower part of the mill, and informed his father; who first ran up to the pond and floom, but not seeing him, instantly ran and shut the gate, when he soon heard the crying of the child; and on searching, found him in the mill-tub as before mentioned; but in so bruised and mangled a condition, as to excite the most heart-felt grief in every beholder—particularly the afflicted parents, whose distress was indescribable: the flesh of one hip was torn in handfuls from the bone—the ribs on one side were laid bare by a gash across them—and the flesh of one arm was torn off the bone from the elbow to the thumb; many other wounds and bruises in different parts of the body and limbs. How many times he was whirled round in the tub, is uncertain, but it is probable nearly a hundred. He lived, and had his senses perfectly, until the seventh day; when, calmly calling his elder brother to him, he said, "Ira, I die."—and, repeating the words, immediately expired.

New Brunswick, Sept. 1.

THE following unfortunate circumstance happened at Matchiponix, Middlesex county, on Sunday morning last; a well had been dug the week before on a farm belonging to Mr. Cornelius Johnson, 51 feet deep. On the morning above mentioned, Samuel Garritson, a tenant on the place, who dug the well, attempted by the assistence of his son, to let down his son-in-law, William Brown, in a bucket, who, when he had descended about 20 feet, called to those above to lower away, a few moments after which they discovered he had fallen out of the bucket to the bottom of the well; upon which Mr. Garriston was let down by his wife and son to the assistance of his son-in-law; when he had got down about the same distance, he also called out to lower away; he also fell out of the bucket when within six feet of the bottom—a trial was then made with a lighted candle, which went out after it descended ten feet, and no person dared go down to their relief. Garritson continued to groan for more than half an hour, but there was no possibility of getting him out; they were afterwards taken up by grapplings, and their remains interred;—thus were two honest, industrious and respectable men, snatched from their families and connections when least expected.

—

A White woman in Chatham County, (N. C.) was delivered of a female child on the 27th July last, which proves to be part white and part black; and what is still more curious, the spots that are black are covered with long black hair, the body is chiefly black and hairy, round the middle of the body is a white streak, the legs and arms quite spotted, one half of the face black, and the other white; and a part of the forehead spotted, with hair 1½ inches long, growing out of the roots. The above was communicated to the editor by a citizen of Chatham County. [*N. Carolina Minerva.*

—

A surgeon in England has lately published a treatise on the most easy, safe, and expeditious mode of tooth drawing, which he entitles, "*Elegant Extracts.*"

—

A Priest at Vienna, has lately published a Greek Poem, of 506 verses, which have the same meaning when read either backwards or forwards.

—

A family of the name of Green, in Rhode Island, are in possession of a sword, with which the father of Usnel Green their ancestor, and once an inhabitant of that *now* virtuous, state fought in eleven pitched battles under Cromwell.

—

Matthew C. Groves of Boston has discovered a method of ascertaining the Longitude at sea with precision, and upon a principle so simple that it excites surprise that it was not discovered before. He uses Godfrey's quadrant (commonly called Hadley's), to which he accommodates a telescope combining the powers of the achromatic and reflecting telescopes, and is enabled thereby to take observations of Jupiter and his Satellites, as accurately and readily as on land. The difficulty hitherto has arisen from the impracticability of viewing the Satellites of Jupiter in a steady position through the action of the ship at sea; this difficulty existed with all the planets visible to the naked eye, until the improvements in the quadrant and sextant enabled the observer to bring the object to the horizon, by what is called the double reflection. This is the outline of Mr. Groves new, but ingenious discovery which promises to be of great importance.

—

MOULDING OF WOOD.

A Mr. Lenormond, Professor of Natural Philosophy in France, has discovered a method of moulding wood, similar to that in which plaister of Paris is moulded. He reduces the wood to powder, and mixes one part of this powder to five parts of Flanders glue. The composition is a paste capable of assuming, in moulds, any required form. The mouldings thus produced are subject to no alteration, from either dryness or moisture.

—

CURES.

A Case of *tetanus*, or lock jaw, was lately cured at the the Finsby Dispensary, by opiate friction—for three weeks an ounce was daily forced into the frame by this mode of cutaneous application. A chorea, or St. Vitus's dance, was also cured by steel pills, in which was mixed one grain and an half of fern-vitriol, and two of myrrh, given to the patient in doses of three each, every six hours.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. *Andrew Boon*, of this city, to Miss. *Rachel Lare*, of the Northern Liberties.

———, on the 8th. inst. by the Rev. Mr. Phillip Milledoler, Mr. *Jonathan Gardner* to Miss *Elizabeth White*, both of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 8th of August, at sea, on his passage from New-York to Charleston, Capt. *Rankin*, late master of the brig Comet, which arrived at Charleston the 23d ult. after a passage of 39 days.

——, on the 27th ult. at Cambridge, (Mas.) the Rev. *David Tappan*, D. D. Hollis professor of Divinity, in Harvard College, aged 50.

——, on the 29th ult. at Newtown, (L. Island) after a lingering illness, the Rev. *John B. Johnson*, in the 35th year of his age.

——, at Poughkeepsie, on the 30th August, Mr. *Samuel Neilson*, late of Belfast, editor and principal Proprietor of the Northern Star in that town, and one of the state prisoners lately liberated from Fort George.

——, on the 2d inst. Mrs. *Mary Fraser*, long a reputable inhabitant of this city, in the 80th year of her age.

——, on the 4th inst. at Charleston, (Mary.) Mrs. *Ann Wells*, wife of Mr. John Wells, of the Northern Liberties.

——, at Martinique, *Louis Thomas Villaret Joyeuse*, late Captain-General of that Island.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. HOGAN,

The following was written in the fall of 1798, (though not published) when the yellow fever raged in this city, with all the distressing circumstances attending that dreadful malady. To realize aright, and truly appreciate our present healthy situation, we need but to compare that awful period with those favoured hours which we now enjoy; the facts are not exaggerated, as they passed under my immediate notice.

I. E.

HOW shall the muse those dreadful scenes explore?
Or how unfold the mis'ry of disease?
Untaught on wings of poesy to soar,
She sinks, unequal to the pow'rs to please.

She seeks, alas! no list'ning ear to charm,
Nor plaudits wishes for herself to gain;
Depicting horrors that the brave disarm,
Where Death, wide wasting, multiplies his train.

Ah *Philadelphians!* doom'd distress to feel;
The iron hand of Pestilence, severe,
Again revisits, and imprints its seal, —
On numbers drown'd in thoughtlessness and care.

Ah *Philadelphia!* now no longer gay,
Assemblies, Routs, nor midnight rev'lers roam,
Their votaries sink beneath the burning day,
Or, exil'd, wander from their dreaded home.

Those dear delights, how chang'd! Now stalks secure,
Arm'd with ten thousand terrors in their train,
Death! Pain! and Phrenzy! in their works mature,
Now boast a *cheerless solitary reign.*

Such scenes, tho' past, still press the aching view,
In retrospective still the gloom appears,
And my pain'd eyes have seen the last adieu
Of Parents! Orphans! Brothers! drown'd in tears.

Of Parents! Orphans! Brothers! did I say?
Alas! those tender names, how oft I've seen,
Lose all their pow'r, to Pestilence a prey,
"Leaving this world as tho' they ne'er had been."

How oft has Brothers sped their swiftest wing,
And from a dying Sister urg'd their flight;
While cruel Death, with deep remorseless sting,
"Smil'd ghastly" ruin round, and wild affright.

The social ties of nature bind no more,
And all the pity of the Parent dies;
He leaves his wretched offspring to deplore
His absence, and on swiftest pinions flies:

And often, too, has fierce disease forbid
Th' affrighted offspring to approach their sires;
When racking pain that pointed unto death,
Embrac'd the suff'rer, that in pangs expires.

Without a pitying friend, the generous soul
In agony resigns his scorching breath;
With burning fever torn, his eye-balls roll,
Or fix'd, wide staring, frightful unto death.

But hark! methinks the piercing cries of woe
From my next neighbours still assail my ears;
Death with rude havoc well mature'd the blow,
Secur'd his claim, regardless of their tears.

Full measur'd woe they bore 'tis mine to tell
The fearful rage of pestilential ire;
Death and disease in close connection dwell,
And their lov'd offspring did in pangs expire.

Two Girls beloved, and an only Son,
The promis'd stay of their declining years,
Are gone for ever, never to return
To aid their parents in this vale of tears.

But ah! what anguish keen, and deep distress,
From yon frame dwelling claim a friend to save—
No friend appears the Orphans to caress,
Or smooth the rugged passage to the grave.

And first, grim Death, with fever-pointed spear,
The hapless Mother pierc'd, his certain prey;
Nor glutted! but with wild voracious tear,
From his fond Children forc'd the Sire away.

Still, still new scenes of horror croud my sight,
While yon sad Widow, mangled with disease!
In doleful black, and screams of wild affright,
Refuses comfort, and neglects her ease:

Slowly and sad she moves along the way,
While cruel mem'ry, lavish to review
Her better days, when all was blythe and gay,
When all was gladness, all was pleasure too;

When all the joy that virtuous love could give
Was her's to 'njoy, and no intruding fear
Oppos'd those pleasures; but to love and live
For her fond husband was her growing care.

Alas he's dead! and all their little loves
In yonder grave-yard lie, beneath the tomb....
Frantic with sorrow and despair, she roves
'Till her own death shall dissipate the gloom.

But ah! why dwell so long on partial woe,
When one wide wasting ruin hovers round;
Death's shafts fly thick, and all confus'dly go,
Promiscuous, dark'ning all the gloom profound.

But who am I! that Heaven deigns to spare
Amidst the havoc of surrounding death?
That Heaven should make my family its care,
And fix the bounds of pestilential breath?

For fierce disease approach'd on poison'd wing,
And pain and woe did sure admission find;
Of fierce disease was pluck'd its deathful sting,
And Heaven spar'd,—in mercy ever kind.

Thou great SUPREME! who bade the poison rage,
Hath fix'd its bounds, and bade contagion cease;
Ah! fix our hearts, and all our powers engage,
In works of love, of piety and peace.

THE WISH,

NO. I.

NIGHT.

FAR in the west shines Luna's beam,
And far extends the length'ning shade;
The night is calm, the air serene;
Dark, solemn, still, the woodland glade:
Contemplation's piercing eye
Travels o'er the spangl'd sky,
Amazement fills the soul,
Pond'ring with reverential fear,
On these vast globes, bright, sparkling, clear,
Which shine from pole to pole.

Oh! for a soaring seraph's wing,
Or spirit's power to aid my flight,
How active, Heaven-ward, would I spring!
And far behind leave murky night:
In yon blue star I'd quickly be,
New proofs to learn of Deity.
Who form'd the wond'rous whole,
Gave ev'ry star its bounding laws,
Each being by his influence draws,
And breath'd the sentient soul.

Pardon the wish, O God of Love—
This earth is yet thy bounding sphere;
Here, a few moments I shall move,
'Till immortality appear:
Then my spirit, freed from earth,
Will assert its heav'nly birth,
And loving, hoping, rise
From world to world; swift wing its way
To heaven, where shines unclouded day
And pure celestial joys.

X. W. T.

A DESPONDING LOVER's RHAPSODY.

LIFE and its boasted joys to me are vain,
And death a refuge from unceasing pain.
Hope is destroy'd, its solaces are fled,
Joy turn'd to grief, and expectation dead!
Ah! once I dar'd to hope! a cheering smile
Could every pang, and ev'ry grief beguile.
Hope, radiant hope, with blooming roses crown'd,
Diffus'd exulting bliss and transport round:
Her sparkling eyes effus'd such cheering rays,
A light so holy, "an unclouded blaze,"
An emanation from the Source above,
With tints so rich, so eloquent with love!
That my deluded heart receiv'd the guest,
And I—O fatal error, was most bless'd!—
Cruel reverse! my hope now disappears,
And nature frowns with gloom, or droops with tears.
Stern desolation chases joy away,
And heart-distracting woe deforms the day.
I court with anxious wish the shades of night,
And, oh! I tremble at approaching light!
Delusive fancy on her pinions high,
With cheerful mein, and elevated eye,
Sometimes pourtrays the lovely tyrant kind,
And fills with swelling rapture all my mind;
I see her smile, the music of her voice,
Fills all my wishes, makes my heart rejoice.
But ah! how soon the mazy phantoms fly,
How soon, alas! the pleasing visions die!
Her unrelenting cruelty destroys
My rising hopes, and withers all my joys;
Wakes the fell scorpion in my throbbing breast,
And shakes the throne of reason and of rest.

LORENZO.